# POEMS

LAURA, or, The COMPLAINT:

ODE on the POWER of MUSICa

The VALETUDINARIAN:

ADVERT

MAT BE CREEK STATE OF F

On the DEATH of his ROYAL HIGHNESS.

By GENTLEMAN OF CAMBRIDGE



#### LONDON

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### P O E M

LAURA, or, The COMPTAINT

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The WALLTONIAN off

On sie BEATH of his Royar Harmaria

FEEDERLICH PRESCHOOMSKEE

By a GENTLEMAN OF CAMERICA

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#### ADVERTISEMENT.

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THAT the following poems have pleased a few, gave room to hope they might please more. The Complaint was occasioned by the real misfortunes of a young lady of a good family of the most engaging accomplishments, and of beauty rivalling the most poetical description. The miseries she had, and was like to suffer from an amour fatal to her health, to her honour, and to every happy prospect in life, produced this unaffected proof of a sincere pity; which if ever we feel, it must be when beauty is in distress; when the sweetest, gentless, and most artless sex are reduced to every shocking extremity; by the cruelty and persidy of ours.

If regard has been at all to the manner of any particular author, it is to that of Mr. Pope; but as few can wear the habit of another with a good grace, and whatever is borrowed ferves only to render

so well as painting, (though few must hope that title), whatever tife

oT

the poverty of the borrower more conspicuous, it has been endeavoured to avoid so particular an imitation, as must give an opportunity of making a parallel so much to the disadvantage on one side; for, then only to have imitated can be to our reputation, when what we return is equal to what we receive.

Language is a common property, and a fimilitude of thoughts naturally ariles from a fimilitude of subjects; if therefore any sentiments or expressions should occur which bear a resemblance to his, or those of another, it is noped that, by giving them a different air, some right may without injustice be afferted to them. To attempt thinking and saying every thing in a new manner, is a ridiculous affectation; and after such a crowd of excellent writers, if his stile or sentiment can approach near the spirit of theirs, is at this time the utmost effort of the happiest genius.

With regard to imitation in general, every great master in pactry as well as painting, (though few must hope that title) whatever use the may make of the works of another, has a manner peculiar to himself. Michael Angelo transferred into his own designs the beauties of the antique; Raphael copied him, and others Raphael.

To have tried his skill with the two greatest poets of the last age, on a subject they seem almost to have exhausted, would have been a task dangerous to far superior abilities; nor would the Ode on the Power of Music have ever probably been wrote, had it not been at school. It was composed in blank lyrics, as an evening exercise; and although it has been much altered from the state in which it then was, the plan and story remain in some measure the same. The general subject of Music was chose to avoid a defect, if it is such, in both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden, whose principal character, St. Cecilia, is entirely lost in that of Orpheus and Timotheus.

In writing the VALETUDINARIAN, or Address to Health, a view was had to the Allegro of Milton, but without a formal parody of the several parts, or a particular imitation of the stile.

To these is added, an ELEGY on the DEATH of his late Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, reprinted from the Cambridge collection.

A tirey to grief, to lickingly an

Ala bespiconi formet in the judicipal manning de la LAURA;

To have tried his Ikill, with the two greatest poets of the last age, on a subject they seen almost to have extincted, would have been a task dangerous to say superior abilities; nor would the One on the Fower of Music have ever probably been wrote, had it not been at fellool. It was composed in blank lyrics, as an evening exercise; and although it has been much altered from the state in which it then was, the plant and shory remain in some measure the state. The general subject of Missic was chast to avoid a desect, if it is such, and oth Mr. Pope and Mr. Dyden, whose principal character, Sc. Cecilian and this Pope and Mr. Dyden, whose principal character, Sc. Cecilian as entirely less in that of Orpheus and Plimathees.

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his parameter of our marketal market in the a mount popular to

ed the divisor of Raphas' ductor they and others the bush.

HAR UAS sugar met finded his his own delight the bennight



#### Not permitted to the state of the Line Fade every flower, and languish every feafe;

Not opening lowers, not gentlessophyra charm,

#### Ye have no fweets for fallen incocence. In blackening florins, ye lowering clouds, arife,

## o O'er the forch'd plains, fulphareons light nings, roll,

Your swhil horrors footh my tortured foul. E deep embowering shades, and filent cells, mor buit II'I Where pentive Penitence obscurely dwells, and proof Ye rugged rocks, ye streams that ever flow, Still as my tears, and constant as my wor; O hear me mourn ; receive a wretched maid in anna you llach erast Here taught by love, and here by love betray'd; Through all your folitary scenes I rove, we and dubited to swon and tal 10 A prey to grief, to fickness, and to love and softableom at anna and W Ah! beauteous scenes, in vain ye bloom around. The low and W In vain ye smile, with vernal glories crown'd: Hat men alland slotter Tho

Whofe

#### LAURA; or

Tho' gentle zephyrs fan your waving bowers,

And breathe perfumes from all your opening flowers;

Nor opening flowers, nor gentle zephyrs charm,

Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm.

Fade every flower, and languish every sense;

Ye have no sweets for fallen innocence.

In blackening storms, ye lowering clouds, arise,
Ye deep-mouth'd thunders, burst the vauled skies.
O'er the scorch'd plains, sulphureous light'nings, roll,
Your awful horrors sooth my tortured soul.
I'll find some darkstorme cave, some sonely glade,
Where the black cyprels spreads its mournful shade;
O'er rugged stores, where winding ivy creeps,
Where wet with dew some grot for ever weeps;

There thall my tears in freehold whilesom ships in the same of the

### The COMPLAINT.

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	dV.

Whose happier lives to holy deeds were given,
Who, finging, praying, knew no wish but Heaven;
There while o'er hollow vaults my footsteps found,
I'll call their ghofts from every tomb around.
And now through broken arches, time-worn towers,
Behold, the moon her trembling splendor pours;
I see the pale ghosts troop along the plain,
I fee and hail the visionary train. to troop and bon moilled, to your so
With roles crown'd, the white-rob'd virgin band
Thrice nod the head, thrice wave the lilly hand;
Thrice call my name, and bid me love no more.
" Love never enters on our peaceful thore."
" Come, come away, for thee the grave hath reft,
" Here calm for ever fleeps the heart opprest;
" Come, come away, to light encircled plains
"And bowers of blis, where peace for ever reigns.
" Sad Penitence must teach thy soul to rife,
"And ope the gates of endless paradise."
Alas! I rave, my thoughts tumultuous roll;
Grief swells my heart, and guilt distracts my foul.

Now frightful forms, and angry damons rife; of or savil raignat alorive
Now heavenly visions float before my eyes:
Of happy fouls I view the facred choir, wolford is a stidy and I
And hear th' angelic hoft, and golden lyre, thorn shody ried lies Il'I
In fiery pomp bright feraphs quit the fley and nestone de word won 55%
And wrap my foul in holy extaly in mildment and noon out the delicated
Ah! feeble reason, whither would'st thou rove a flody stay set sel !
The prey of passion, and the sport of love? Transliv and had been and t
Torn by remorfe, fad victim of despair,
Where shall I turn, or where address my prayer?
Far as the morning's earliest beams are spread,
Or where the star of evening lifts its head ; no go and to rever over 1
Far as wide earth extends, or oceans roll,
. Where blow the winds, or Heaven invests the pole.
In vain my fluttering foul would wing its way:
Stern Care pursues where'er the wretched firay.
Soft God of Sleep, who spreads thy peaceful reign
O'er earth, o'er heaven, and all th' extended main;
Who gives the labouring heart from woe to rest.
Who wipes the tear, and heals the wounded breaft;
Sav

Say, for what cr	ime for ever flies from me	ligotes, twee ntuli
Thy oft invok'd	offended Deity Pull langua na ro	I movid, a goddets
Or dooms my for	al in horrid dreams to moura,	A v carelely Reps in
On racks of wild	Imagination torn?	Hach voice was flar
Why am I oft or	angry billows toft, do would li	eit ! ela ! mod mi
Or feem to rove	in dreary defarts loft?	Tled with the wing
Why round form	e rapid wheel my limbs are whire	As thine trim poli
	bys in endless eddies burl'd?	
Day yields to day	, revolving through the fkies	White filver dars to
The feafons char	nge, and years on years arise;	orn B'indisim chi 190
But ftill unchang	ing cares thefe eyes must view;	Thus down life's fl
Unchanging Guil	t must e'er these steps pursue;	Nor feer'd the faich
Still heave my fig	hs, and fill my tears must flow	But now pale force
In all th' excess o	f unavailing woe,	respondent district
Once was my	boast, in native beauty bright	on aril vin co . 85
	e, and grace each festive night;	
Amid the fair fur	oremely fair to thine,	Those closed locks.
And fee with con	scious pride each heart was mine	Our my fair neels!
Where'er I turn'd	l, a thousand nymphs admir'd;	Wacust'd, unbence
	d, a thousand swains expir'd.	
vdvi O	В 2	I spoke,

TC to the contract of the	
	upon my tongue;
I mov'd, a goddess, or an a	Thy oft invok'd offended Deit grun lagur
My careless steps in joys we	re taught to rove, in luci var emoch at
Each voice was flattery, and	each look was love! Miss to szom no
But soon, alas! frail beauty	charms no more y and no flo I ma vel y 95
Fled with the wings of Tin	ne, those joys are o'er. is ever of cush in
As fome trim galley to the	prosperous gales base and button vilVe
Her streamers waves, and f	preads her filken fails gda 'at danords 10
While filver oars to breathin	g mulic tweep, vlovor , tab of ableig vall
With measur'd strokes, the	gently-heaving deep;
Thus down life's stream I f	ail'd fecure and free, a sandana Lift and
	Unchanging Guilt must feel friends of
But now pale forrows every	"Sail heave my fight, and fimially sarg
And dim with tears, these e	yes no longer charm! To about 'di lla al
See, on my lips no more the	201 Once was my boath, in natewolf velin
Nor warms these velvet chee	ks the blooming bose, some out has o'T
Those glossy locks, whose w	vaving treffes foread lower hin and bimA
O'er my fair neck, and grac'	d my beauteous head; hoo daw sol ba A
Uncurl'd, unhonour'd, now	Where'er I turn'd, a thwoff th' flavadib
In all the mournful negliger	nce of woeles a change of room in
piq1	O why

O why my limbs thus fair did Nature form? Why deck profuse with each attractive charm? Why was my foul its tender pity taught. Each fofter paffion, and each generous thought? Hence spring my forrows, hence with fighs I prove How feeble woman, and how false is love. I mourn in vain, in vain my tears I shed: Far is my false, my lov'd Lorenzo fled. For thee, false youth, was every joy refign'd, Young health, fweet peace, and innocence of mind. Are these the constant vows thy tongue profest, When first thou clasp'd me trembling to thy breast? Thus fwore thy lips by ocean, earth, and fky, By Hell's dread powers, and Heaven's all-piercing eye. Yawns not the grave for thee? why sleeps the storm To blast thy limbs, or rend thy perjur'd form? Ah! still with fcorn Lorenzo hears my pain, As rocks unmov'd, which brave the threatening main. When the pale shipwreck'd pilot shall appeare With fighs the winds, with tears the rolling feas; Then

Then shall thy Laura's prayers thy bosom move, and you vilve o
And bring thee back to honour, and to love him stationg was vilw
Sure thou wert born among the mountains wild,
'Mid' defart woods a fierce and favage child:
No female breast supply'd thy infant food, world you goest and 135
Nurst with the lyon's whelps, and tyger's brood.
Curse on that fatal hour thy charms were seen,
While yet this heart was guiltless and screne. It was guilt was in T
With thee, falle man, I urg'd my halty flight, who aller god no ?
And dar'd the horrors of the gloomy night;
Nor fear'd with thee thro' plains unknown to rove, no on sloud of A
Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.
In vain for me a parent's tears are thed,
And to the grave descends his hoary head.
When at my feet in rapturous love you lay,
And pour'd in tender fighs your foul away:
Fond foolish heart! to think the tale divine,
Why started not my hands when prest in thine?
Too well Remembrance paints the fatal hour,
When Love, great conqueror, fummon'd all his power:
When

when bolder grown, your grances nain a with hie, where of the control will
And your pale lips all trembled with defire; has a web mid be saided
Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew;
From every pore my cold limbs dropp'd a dew : a country for a cold to de
When Shame prefaging spoke each future pain,
And struggling Virtue arm'd my soul in vain.
Ye fatal joys, that once this heart posses;
Ye scenes unchaste, in endless filence rest.
O'er each fad thought, let gushing tears prevail,
And fiery blushes hide the guilty tale.
Ah! faithless man, and thou more wretched maid, tasks of as all.
To guilt and grief, and misery betray'd land it printers about matter
Far flies thy lover; to fome distant plain
Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main
Avenging Heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
Bid howl the blackening storm, and thunder roar;
Till waves on wayes in tumbling mountains roll,

And dash with daring heads the astonish'd pole.

Then on some plank, o'er foaming billows born,

Trembling his perjur'd faith the wretch shall mourn;

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But mourn in vain: his vigorous arm shall fail; www. ablod madW
Guilt fink him down, and angry Heaven prevail; ils aqil alsq auog had
His pale cold limbs no friend to earth convey, and was small with at shall
But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey. I blook to stong views men
Yet ah! fond heart - O hear not Powers divine,
Nor too propitious think that prayer was mine.
Live still, repentant live, my faithless swain;
Blow foft, ye winds, and gently flow the main to his continue and a l
Go, much-lov'd youth, with every bleffing crown'd;
Go, and good angels watch thy steps around.
Me, to the filent shades and fad retreat; the later of the helphila link.
Where love's expiring flames forget their heat, a doing bus flam of
Death wooes all-powerful: e'er he parts the clew,
Once more thy Laura bids her Love adieu:
Bids thee be all that's lov'd, admir'd, ador'd,
With all that health, all affluence can afford:
In ease, in mirth, glide each glad hour away;
No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day;
No figh to fwell, no tear to flow for me:
O grant Heaven all, but grant thee constancy.
Ah!

Ah! world farewel, farewel life's fond desires. False flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires. Already, Death, before my closing eyes Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise. Hark! hear I not for me you paffing bell Toll forth with frequent pause its sullen knell? Waits not for me you fexton on his spade, "A Blithe whiftling o'er the grave his toil has made? Say why in lengthen'd pomp you fable train, With meafur'd steps, flow stalk along the plain? " Vall Say, why you herse with fading flowers is crown'd, but A And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge refound? Hail, fister worms, and thou my kindred dust, which and will Secure to you my wearied limbs I trust. I am night adap assessment of T Dim burns life's lamp: O death, thy work compleat, 205 And give my foul to gain her last retreat. Such as before the birth of nature (way'd, E'er springing light the first great word obey'd, Let Silence reign ---- Come, Fate, exert thy might; And darkness wrap me in eternal night.

#### Ah! world friench, firewell life's food delice, Talie flattering topes, and level tolinemine troops

#### Already, Death, before my clair gres

#### Thy siry forms and climmerking mades stile, and morning linkers POWER of MUSIC.

#### Toll forth with frequent good in tollar knett!" ". Waits not for me you fexton on his made, nA

Blishe whishing o'er the grave his toil has made? - Say why in lengthen'd point you little train

TYPEN from the womb of antient night, he bridged the W

And jarring chaos, infant nature forung and dor vilve wed

The circling spheres harmonious rung at habit solar administration by A While thro' the crystal realms of light in the person will list

The beauteous orbs their measured dances led simow you now of stud \$

Then from the occasis water bed, and and and

Like a bridegroom dreft, the fun on the transit be A.

His course with sprightly footsteps run. is ground an right

Then the moon the dance begun; of reduit palenting to it

And all around her filver throne

The flarry hofts in glittering circles chone.

	The Power of MUSIC.	19
•	In fair proportion still they move, and and have	
	In concert fweet their founds agree in biopil and it and W	
	Still music rules their orbs above, thob shirt guisword	in the
	And all is order, all is harmony, alloomid anumo'l bargus	15
Н	lence mortals learnt the power of found; and sline to the state of	
	Hence tun'd the vocal strain are inhoust velt of goingfiel	
	Responsive to the lyre; A communication of agout notified a	
H	Care thinks each rankling wound does shall san	
	Of agonizing pain, grounder had no agont dandoit	20
To l	ull with pleasing love, or rouze with martial fire.	
	Mirth and joy, and finitua arises, were seened to be a sur-	
	o frince the bright aftending on a day	•
	Music, 'tis thine the heart to chear,	
	Whene'er by woes it finks opprest,	dia
	From Sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,	
And	footh with foftest founds the soul to rest:	25
	When passions loud tumultuous rage baive and and war I'	
45	Disturbs the calm which hell'd the mind own neaso bak	
	Thy gentle strains the storm all wages book share against vill	

And smooth the wave, land fall the wind of oil no bish.

Sweet

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IIA

Sweet

	a la company to a
	Sweet enchantress of the heart, his noine gord ried al 30
	When fost thy liquid numbers flow, right rooms no
	Frowning Pride doth deign to hear just solur silum line
ı	Rugged Fortune smooths her brow; illa colors illa be A
	Coward Guilt forgets to fear. Swon all Junes statement some I
	Listening to thy tuneful art, minth beyon and b'nut sonall
	Ambition drops her arms; Ambition drops her arms;
	Care thinks each mighty buliness o'er; lead or same annual
.01	Sickness droops her head no more, aisq gaisinogs 30
1	and universal nature feels thy charms. and united district
	Mirth and joy, and smiles arise;
S	o shines the bright ascending orb of day,
	That drives the clouds of night away,
\nc	gilds the smiling earth, and all th' ætherial skies.
	From Sorrow's eye to wipe the tear.
2	And footh with lofted founds the mal to reft:

Twas when the winds were roaring loudy another and W

And ocean swell'd his billows high idw miss sait sainful.

By savage hands condemn'd tordie, sait sair she start start with the trembling Leshian flood; showing has A.

All

#### The Power of MUSIC.

	All pale he heard the tempest blow, 2-min or your bank
1	As on the watry grave below with rave succtuned ravel
	He fix'd his weeping eye. toliq gainsful add that on'the
1	Ah! facred luft of impious gold, find bus good organi daiW
	What can thy mighty rage with-hold, w , bog od lin vil
	of to the melting powers of harmony the and gaiding root.
	But e'er the bard unpitied dies niw ads abid only and vil
1	Again his powerful art he tries, with toubint shody mid vil
1,44,144	Again he sweeps the strings porosi and alian I may not use II
er s	lowly fad the notes arife, be rewon more eveniment apoli ability
While	thus in plaintive founds the fweet mufician fings days

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#### a.**v.**

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Progressia care call, and guard acture Bushault, film

From beneath the coral cave,	
Circled with the filver wave, large out chord box good off	60
Where with wreaths of emerald crown d	
Ye lead the festive dance around,	
Daughters of Nereus, hear, and fave.	
Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell	
With mighty founds the twifted thell;	65
	And

#### The Power of MUSIC.

And you, ye	fifter Syrens, hear, an all band of ole 112.
Ever beau	toous; ever fweet, aled every water out no &A
Who lull the	liftening pilot's ear side with the
With magic for	ng, and foftly-breath'd deceit. In bonnit InA
By all the go	ds, who fubject rolling varging the day and W 70
From guthing	urns their tribute to the main; som editor will
By him, who	bids the winds to rour's an inner sale and sale and
By him, wh	ofe trident shakes the share in wood and many A
If e'er for you I r	raile the facred ferain, and agreewh on hing A
When pious mari	ners your power adors a total and had vivold 75
	Warens, hear, and lave evitainly at such plid W.
	the clopes of the species of the second states of the second seco
He fung, and	From beneath the octal care.  Stelled with the taker wave,
Circled with	the filver wave, h nword blanesse do estanesse sixty energy ith pitying car
T	he Nereids hear; seems, than a seem of Nereius, licar, which are the common of the com
Gently the v	Ye Tritons, hear, whole blan enimels
The winds r	now ceas'd their blowing
	2

In filence listening to the tuneful lay. Around the bark's fea-beaten fide

The facred dolphin play'd,

And sportive dash'd the briny tide.

The joyous omen foon the bard furvey'd:

Nor fear'd with bolder leap to try the watry way.

· On his scaly back now riding,

O'er the curling billow gliding;

Again with bold triumphant hand

He bade the notes afpire, which has blan more the drive

Again to joy atton'd the lyre, and guinzig-med onib emillo'T

Forgot each danger past, and gain'd fecure the land.

That can wild become dalway as a self-

But whether more thou delgn'th to dwell have the same and

the few bar wet sand in

Haune'll the brink of tinkling dlla, the second of the total

Therean votes and Cocied Little in the sector respective

Or where the plant and the fall and the fall and the

more than the forth and guide the touls are the many seed on

Do mix with gall the (week of the



And sportive duther tire bring tide, and were good stought the

By all the puts, with trend the bard and ment appropriate references

## VALETUDINARIAN.

HENCE Disease, and pining Pain,
With all your pale and ghastly train,
Toffings dire, heart-piercing moans,
Sighs, and tears, and hollow groans;
That e'er with mortal bliss at strife,
Do mix with gall the sweets of life.
But whether more thou deign'st to dwell
In some low and rural cell;
Haunt'st the brink of tinkling rills,
Flowery vales, and sloping hills;
Or where the plowman turns the soil,
Do'st chear his song, and guide his toil:

Whether

Whether more thou lovest to wear
The dress and form of Dian fair, and is the second line in the
And bid'ft thy horns fweet Echo rouze,
Slumbering on the mountain's brows:
Or perhaps art wont to fport
Where the Loves and Smiles refort,
Jests, and Mirth, and all the train
Of Cytherea's golden reign:
Hither, bright Hygeia, fly,
With rofy cheek, and sparkling eye; a share of them white their
Such as thou do'ft oft appear in a substitution and side size of all it of
When thy Heberden is near. Asset a sometimen out show to them O
Bring with thee Content and Pleasure,
Moderate Mirth, and useful Leisure. Emit seit la maw espriv slortW
Far be wild Ambition's fires, const that I gold basw sait doid w 10
Wasting Love, and fierce Defires.
I alk not Fortune's glittering charms, the non adi thurt or saving a
The pride of courts, the spoils of arms : buom at good buom di 30
By filver streams, and haunted grove, Thoodan I de soul no and T
O give my peaceful steps to rove of provided alling this briefs now
Beneath the shade of pendant hills this than the mobassis all constants
I'll liften to the falling rills:  D  Then

#### 26 The VALETUDINARIAN.

Then on the flowery carpet green new of flowed most grown radicall 35
I'll fit and trace the rural scene;
While by the mimic pencil drawn, while town senset gift filled had
The herds shall seem to crop the dawn; alatanora adv no gaindanal?
The piping swain, the distant towers; word of them the aparting of
The moss-grown, knotted oaks, and bowers,
As bending to the whispering breeze, it add the the challenge and
Same thatch'd cot rifing 'mong the trees; mais mable a' margity of
In rude and artless lines design'd,
Shall faintly mark the master's mind, guilding box, alouds you daw
Or if foft verse delight us more, hanges the fi'd wort an dag
O grant of verse the wonderous power, man el descrede H van ned W.
That calls up shades of heroes bold, all ban that no both thiw mind
Whole virtues warm'd the times of old sufful bie , diril otarehold
Or which the wandering Fancy leads , sires, tires, trees, and the wandering Fancy leads
Through fylvan shades, or magic meads (I soresh bas , evo. I gaisha 66
Or gives to truth the tuneful arturate charming charmens and thur or soving of
The pride of courts, the fpoils chrash and bnom of gnol larom this
By filver fireams, and, sgA bai gatuoy, boodnaM aguorat no sulT.
Nor flain'd with guilt, nor rough with rage; of fling fliw briash roll.
In fmooth meanders life shall glide, ild the book of oth the english of
And roll a clear and peaceful tide. : ellin gnills add of nashil IIT



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## On the DEATH of his ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK PRINCE of WALES.

WAS at the folemn hour when ghosts repair To earth, and glide along the midnight air: When all was hush'd, except a bell, whose toll Accorded with the Men thew Rung the fad knell of some departing soul: Musing I lay on life's uncertain date, Medicinent as night the fad p And the vain glories of this mortal state, Then funk to rest; but knew no calm repose, Still doom'd to scenes of visionary woes. Along the darken'd isles I feem'd to tread Where sleep entomb'd BRITANNIA's mighty Dead; Sudden, the diftant, plaintive echoes found From vaulted roofs, and hollow tombs around. Near and more near the doubling voices rife, And gleaming tapers strike my wondering eyes. At length an awful train appear'd in view, All cloth'd in flowing vests of snowy hue: A.Wasp, Britain, wasp,

While mournful founds the organ's breath inspire,
Responsive pealing to the pausing choir,
Slow, folemn, fad they trod, a tuneful throng,
And swell'd in lengthen'd notes the melancholy song.
With ermine robes bedeck'd, and fair array,
Stretch'd on a bier, a form majestic lay.
The pall, with royal arms embroider'd o'er,
Soft as they trod, the garter'd nobles bore.
At each flow step they drop'd a filent tear,
And fighing crowds of mourners clos'd the rear.
Methought, as nigh the fad procession drew,
The marble urns all fweat a clammy dew;
Loud jar the brazen gates, the statues nod,
And awful tremblings rock the dread abode.
By time-worn vaults, and manfions of the dead
Pensive I saw the weeping order tread,
Then figh'd, and 'woke: and now the morning came,
The morning, big with melancholy fame.
Our flowing tears the general loss deplore; 35
The Friend, the Prince, the Patriot breathes no more.

Weep, Britain, weep, in agonizing woe, w griwoll ai b'file HA

Lo,

And rend the laurel from thy mournful brow.

Lo, where in Death's encircing arms he lies,
With him thy pride, with him thy glory dies.
'Tis thus in vain to transient life we trust,
And each fair hope falls wither'd in the dust.
O, if to bear a mild, a generous heart,
To act each patriot, and each focial part,
Fill every scene with dignity and ease,
In conscious merit ever sure to please;
To be whate'er the great, the good admire,
The faithful husband, and the tender fire;
Ardent to gain a nation's just applause,
And ever active in the public cause:
If, BRITONS, these can claim the general tear,
Approach, and pour the grateful tribute here.
Fate, be thy darts at vulgar bosoms hurl'd,
The shame, the refuse of a selfish world;
Mean fouls, who feel no interest but their own
Of wealth, who bow before the golden throne,
Rich in the tears from orphans eyes that flow,

But know, dread Power, fair Virtue cannot die,

Great and triumphant in a nation's woe:

She foorns the earth, and feeks her parent fky.

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Urns,

Urns, like their dead, shall moulder into dust,
And Time tread down the monumental buft;
The Stars must fall, the Heavens be wrap'd in fire,
And Death himself by his own shafts expire:
Crown'd with immortal youth shall Virtue bloom,
Defy the stroke, and triumph o'er the tomb.
Farewel, great Soul; O may thy shade be blest,
And Seraphs waft thee to eternal reft
Farewel, great Soul, till Nature's second birth,
Secure we trust thy relicts to the earth.
There, till the trump shall rend th' astonish'd skies,
And with loud echoes bid the dead arise,
Sleep undisturb'd, amid that glorious train,
Whose honour'd bones you hallow'd shrines contain;
The laurell'd bard, the philosophic sage,
Whoe'er delighted, or inform'd an age.
Warriors, who bled in freedom's glorious cause,
Patriots, whose counsels sav'd expiring laws;
Kings, whole good deeds still grateful nations tell,
Who liv'd belov'd like thee, like thee lamented fell.

true a family move that is the afficient as the

What the thy temb no martial trophy boafts,

For ravag'd nations, and for flaughter'd hofts;

What the no crouching captives frown in stone,

And, bound beneath thy Statue, seem to groan;

Yet shall, where'er thy peaceful ashes sleep,

The friends of Britain, and of Freedom weep.

Each peaceful Virtue shall thy grave surround,

And musing Silence watch the holy ground.

There too the Muse her choicest wreaths shall bring,

There to thy soul her soothing requiem sing;

There to thy fame with generous labour raise

The time-defying pyramid of praise.

But O! if aught departed spirits know,

Or heavenly minds are touch'd with things below;

If those who erst to lostiest views aspir'd,

With love of same, and public virtue sir'd,

Yet urge the glorious task, ordain'd to wait

Ministrant guardians of a nation's sate,

Still as thy Britain's Genius may'st thou stand,

And o'er her kingdoms stretch thy saving hand;

100

Far

Far from her shores avert with watch	
The flames of Discord, and the rage	of War;
Give Peace to rule, give Wealth to b	less her plain, 200 cm b 32 m 10 1
And spread her empire o'er th' unbo	
So may kind Heaven propitious hear ou	생활하다는 사람 사람들은 1일 1000 시작으로 입으셨습니. 트로스 하는 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000 1
To crown thy Father's life with leng	th of years;
And when he late the debt of nature	The friends of Britain, and of I's
Mature in honours, as mature in days	Back percelul Virtue dual shu ge
Then may thy Offspring to the throne	And musting Silence watch the in
And bless like him, like thee, a nation	
With equal footsteps tread the paths	
And join the Patriot's to the Monarc	
Thus long as round BRITANNIA'S fo	The time deferte presente of pr
His hoary waves embracing Ocean	cours,
Thy fair descendants shall the scepte	nie) betree ob teigns li !O toll r fway,
Shall teach the willing Briton to obe	
From age to age a bright fuccession	
And Fate and Freedom guard the B	With low LINE.
	Minifrant guardine of a maion's
E I N	Seill as thy Britain's Conins many
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And o'er, her kingdoms drutch thy faving bend ;